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The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

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Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. David Ormsby-Gore with Julian and Jane

The wife and children of Captain the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore are at present living at Brogyntyn, Oswestry, Merionethshire, home of his parents, Lord and Lady Harlech. Mrs. Ormsby-Gore is a member of the W.V.S. and works for the American Red Cross. She is the second daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, C.M.G., C.V.O., and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, and a niece of Lord Bellew. Major Ormsby-Gore is the elder of Lord Harlech's two sons. His father was appointed High Commissioner in South Africa in 1941, and his mother is a daughter of the fourth Marquess of Salisbury. Major and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore have two children, Julian and Jane, seen in this picture.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Unique

IF words mean anything the declaration of Teheran is the most whole-hearted, reassuring and most convincing communicate ever to emerge from an international conference. It carries a message of friendship and a promise for the future unequalled in previous communiques to which the public have become so accustomed, if only by reason of their triteness and their stilted phraseology.

Men do not—least of all politicians—commit themselves to such sentences as those in the Teheran Declaration without the fullest consideration of the present and the future implications. Of the three directly concerned in this case, Premier Stalin has committed himself least of all in the past. His speeches have been very

about to happen. It's just not possible that anything can happen like this. There is so much to be done between decision and action. Mr. Churchill has explained the inevitability of time-lag more than once. An operation is planned, but valuable time must pass before action begins. So many people forget the lessons laid down after trial and error by the great war lord Churchill. . . . Of course, if words were tanks (Big Black Tanks) some of our headline writers would be through the lines of the enemy tomorrow morning!

Emergence

PREMIER STALIN's visit to Teheran, the capital of Iran, was but his third journey outside Russia in sixty-four years. He was thirty-two



Three at the Palace

Lieut.-Colonel Archer Clive, Grenadier Guards, received the D.S.O. at a recent investiture. Mrs. Clive, in uniform, and their daughter, Sally, went to Buckingham Palace with him



Royal Guests of the Knights of the Round Table

King Haakon of Norway was the guest of honour at a luncheon of the Knights of the Round Table, and is seen here with Sir Eric Mieville, Private Secretary to King George



Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and Crown Prince Olaf of Norway were also guests at the lunch, to which many representatives of the North Sea powers were invited to meet King Haakon

few and far between. But they have always been notable for their realism.

Commentators are of opinion that the framing of the Teheran Declaration, and a very large share of the spirit between the lines, was Premier Stalin's. They detect President Roosevelt's hand as well, and, of course, Mr. Churchill's. But they give Premier Stalin the most credit for this remarkable declaration. Certainly the wording, style and outline of purpose are refreshingly new.

Caution

IT is possible to dissect the Declaration into many pieces, but it would be difficult to sever the persistent refrain of purpose and friendship, which is the real message it carries to friends and foes. But a word of caution is necessary, particularly after so many hopes have been built upon what is, after all, blind speculation and a spurious impression of speed.

It would be wrong to assume, as so many people have done, and are still doing, that words at once become deeds; that round the corner there's something devastatingly terrific

when he made his first journey abroad, to London to attend a congress of exiled Russian Social Democrats. This was in 1907. Next time he travelled was in 1911, when he smuggled himself out of Russia for a clandestine meeting with Lenin.

The third time he passed beyond the confines of Russia must have been a great moment for Premier Stalin, once the furtive revolutionary and now the unchallenged leader of a strong and victorious Russia; a regenerated Russia, whose re-birth and whose victory are of his own fashioning. Premier Stalin's crossing of the Russian frontier was symbolic of the emergence of his country as a Great Power.

Henceforward we may look to Russia assuming an influential part in the politics and peace of Europe. Premier Stalin has set the example for all Russians to follow. He has thrust doubts and suspicions, national fears and native distrust on one side and advanced with outstretched hands to pledge his friendship with the rest of the world through the partnership of Great Britain and the United States of

America. Here is the true significance of the Teheran Conference.

Celebrations

WE now know where Mr. Churchill celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday which, when all is said and done, is a moment of an important event in the span of any ordinary man's life. It was in a Persian setting, a secret which the censors guarded with all the might and fitting demeanour of true Knights of the Order of the Red Tape. He had his son, Major Randolph Churchill, and his daughter, Section Officer Oliver, formerly Miss Sarah Churchill, with him to give the family touch, of which he is so fond. Apparently Mr. Churchill's doctor and friends had some anxious moments when they set off on the voyage. The Prime Minister caught a chill, which developed into a feverish cold. His temperature ran to 100 degrees, and his voice disappeared. But this was but a mere trifle in the life of Premier Stalin's "Fighting Friend" Churchill.



Sightseeing in Cairo

While in North Africa for the Three Power Conference, Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek visited Cairo. They were shown the sights by Sir Robert Greg, who has lived there many years



Captain William E. Anderson, of the Parachute Regiment, received the M.C. at a recent investiture, for leading a successful counter-attack during the Tunisian campaign



W/Cdr. R. H. Harries, a pilot of Fighter Command, received the D.S.O. and two bars to the D.F.C. He has destroyed seventeen enemy aircraft



W/Cdr. H. N. G. Wheeler Decorated
A recipient of two decorations at the investiture was W/Cdr. H. N. G. Wheeler, R.A.F. He was awarded the D.S.O. and a bar to his D.F.C., and was accompanied by his wife and his mother

Politics

AMERICANS can be much more politically sensitive than most other people. In President Roosevelt's quite innocently worded inscription on the card which accompanied the Persian bowl he gave Mr. Churchill for a birthday present they saw a political portent. "With my affection and may we be together for many years," wrote President Roosevelt. I don't suppose that either Mr. Churchill or President Roosevelt want to carry the burdens of high office for many more years to come, although they may both have a desire to live on to watch together what the world does with the peace when it comes. But American correspondents were quick to seize what they believed to be the inner significance of these words. "Roosevelt for a fourth term" they cried.

Probably they are right. In fact, I am certain that they are right in thinking that President Roosevelt will stand for the presidency again. No man who has had his hands on the tiller for so long, and through such stormy weather, could

willingly relinquish the responsibility, even if he wanted to do so. It would be quitting. President Roosevelt is not likely to be guilty of that. The question is: will he win if he stands for the presidency? There is a lot of conjecture about this, and the wisest judges of the American scene are wary in giving an opinion. They want to see what the Republican Party are going to do first, and not even Mr. Willkie knows that.

I suppose no previously defeated candidate for the presidency has worked so hard for a second nomination as Mr. Willkie, and with such personal conviction of his own worthiness. There is one thing about Mr. Willkie's candidature, he has done his utmost to master the problems of home as well as foreign politics, which augurs well for his candidature and for the world should he be elected to the White House.

Decision

"TURKEY is very positively and frankly interested in the Balkans. We are, indeed, part of the Balkans." This statement can have

only one meaning, coming as it did at the end of the three days' conference outside Cairo between Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt and President Inonu. Turkey cannot expect to have any part in the shaping of the future of the Balkans without she takes her share of responsibility. In other words, unless she is prepared to declare war on Germany. This may sound rather a blunt judgment of the position in that part of the world, but Premier Stalin is a realist as much as Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt are determined statesmen.

Turkey's help is necessary to complete the pressure on Hitler's fortress. The conference in Cairo seems to have marked the end of indecision, otherwise there would not have been so much military discussion in their deliberations. But this does not necessarily mean action at once, although it is difficult to see how Turkey can avoid much longer announcing a clear-cut decision.

Warning

FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS has sent a cold chill through Frenchmen and the friends of France everywhere by throwing off his opinion that France will be a great power no more. He warned his audience—a private gathering of Members of Parliament—that his views might cause an explosion. In fact, he gave this warning more than once, as if the purpose of his comments was actually a warning and not a judgment. I think this is the proper reading of his remarks. Field Marshal Smuts is a wise man, an astute politician as well as a philosopher who manages to maintain an air of detachment. He would be among the first to recognise the cultural influence of France through the ages; and to regret its passing, if really he thought it was about to pass. In my opinion he was trying to unite Frenchmen everywhere; trying to compel them to end their divisions, which, in fact, appear to be as complete and as varied as ever they were in the days of political Paris.

In any case, his comment cut right across the traditional policy of the British Foreign Office, which has been reaffirmed by Mr. Eden more than once, and the declarations made by Mr. Churchill as head of the Government. But despite these two important factors, Field Marshal Smuts's words seem to have roused more discussion than his assertion that, after the war, Britain will be a very poor country. Nobody seems to have taken that point up. How British! Isn't there anybody ready to accept the challenge of those words?



A Meeting of Importance in Teheran

This photograph, taken at the long-awaited meeting between Mr. Winston Churchill, President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin, shows them seated in front, with behind them military representatives of the three Allied Nations, including Field Marshal Sir John Dill, Marshal Voroshilov, General Sir Alan Brooke and Admiral Leahy

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Not Up My Street

By James Agate

LET me say that I saw *Behind the Rising Sun* (Tivoli) under ideal conditions. To begin with, the performance I attended was not one of those post-breakfast celebrations for which one has to rise shortly after cock-crow. It began at the reasonable post-prandial hour of eight p.m. The film was preceded by a soul-destroying "short"—provided anything can be called short which lasts sixty intolerable minutes. I cannot think that this nonsense would have been searable even if one had been surrounded by beakers of champagne with usherettes spraying one with frangipani and odalisques tickling the soles of one's feet—amenities which are not forthcoming at this otherwise delightful house. When the "short" was finally over I felt that I was in a mood to enjoy anything. Was there not promise of atrocities? And just as some people flock to a street accident, so I cannot resist the spectacle of Nazis suspending tedious bores by their tiresome beards. I am fascinated, although I don't want these horrors to happen. No one will accuse people who rush to a street accident of wanting some old woman to be run over; nothing will keep them from rushing. I once knew a charming lady who disapproved of mouse-traps on the ground that they were rude to mice. Yet she confessed to me that she never saw an aeroplane without hoping it would crash. Since I never met a being whose inclinations tended less to murder, I must suspect an instance of that irresistible appetite for sensation of which many otherwise blameless persons are the victims. Let me say at once that the atrocities in the Japanese film have been exaggerated, and that there is no necessity to bring smelling-salts.

THE drama is really a psychological one. It relates how a young Jap, westernised by an American University to the point of calling his father "Pop" and mastering the intricacies of baseball, or whatever it is that they teach at American Universities—and let me say at once that my entire knowledge of the curriculum of these institutions is derived from Hollywood—returns to the bosom of his family and on the outbreak of the war between America and Japan becomes more Japanese than Japan's Emperor. Now it seems to me—and the point is one to which I shall return in connection with another picture—that this film's management made a major blunder in the choice of the actor to play the principal character; a blunder from which the film never recovers. What was postulated was a young man, imbued with the Japanese ideology, who had acquired a thin veneer of western thinking which cracked at the first pressure put upon it. What we were given was a fresh, good-looking young American, the hero of any film about football, and looking, thinking and talking like an American though faintly orientalised by the make-up man. The result was a complete disaster shown in many little ways.

I do not believe the young Jap would forget to remove his shoes before entering his father's house, particularly when he has just seen his father doing the same thing. There is a terrific fight between an American boxer and a six-foot master of jiu-jitsu who, by his code, is allowed to kick. I do not believe that the boxer would have lasted a round, let alone recovered from the succession of goal-scoring assaults

below the belt, the first of which would have put him out of action. Yet the film has some nice irony. There is a long love-affair between the young Jap and a typist of his own race. She takes him to see her people who, to do honour to their new son-in-law and to provide him with a slap-up wedding breakfast, have sold their younger daughter to the yellow slave traffic. The typist thinks this will never do; the young Jap holds that in consenting to be sold the younger daughter has done nobly. Is it cynical to suggest that almost any young girl would consider almost any life better than existence on a dull farm with parents who have never heard of the radio? Finally, we get to the tortures, and in the end the Americans bomb Tokyo so that everybody escapes, though whether the younger daughter goes back to the

Dana Andrews, Walter Huston, Walter Brennan and Ann Harding. They tell me, further, that all these artists are behaving, talking and thinking at their most American. And the tedium! It takes this film very nearly one hour to get going, and again one of the most wearisome hours in my experience. An hour filled with the depiction of American village life with picnics in the woods, rustic courtships and so on. If you had told me that the village in question was situated halfway between New York and Philadelphia I should have believed it. Putting American villagers into Russian costume and calling them by Russian names, while making them inexpertly go through the motions of Russian dancing, is never going to deceive this old bird.

My friend and colleague, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, has often alluded to "the homely Island pan," meaning the typical British face, and I hope I am not straining international courtesy when I suggest that there is such a thing as the homely American pan. This picture is full of it, with the result that all verisimilitude vanished. Surely it should not have been beyond Hollywood's powers to get hold of Slavonic actors? Presently the Germans arrive,



The Scorched-earth Policy of the Russians is Seen in the Starkness of its Reality

We have heard much of the scorched-earth policy of the Russians. Few of us who have not seen for ourselves can imagine the indescribable horror of razing to the ground one's own homestead—perhaps the result of generations of privation and labour. This is the North Star village on the day of its destruction

fact is a point not made clear. The one figure of interest was the young Jap's father, who became more and more convinced that Japanese fascism is a mistake. Had the whole of the film been on this high level I should have spent differently of it. Alas, most of it is romantic hoodlum masquerading as world politics.

It may be argued about the foregoing that if Hollywood had got hold of a young Japanese actor, the choice would have been unpopular. But surely Mr. Goldwyn, when he started to make *North Star* (London Pavilion and Regal, Marble Arch), could have put his hand on some Russian actors. And Russians are popular enough. It is no good telling me that Marina, Kolya, Dr. Kurin, Karp and Sophia are the inhabitants of a little village in the neighbourhood of Kiev. My eyes and ears, without the programme, tell me they are Anne Baxter,

headed by Erich von Stroheim. Now von S. has saved many a picture before, and will save many again. But not even his brilliant performance could do anything with this one. In the end the villagers burned what they could of their village and formed themselves into a guerrilla band. After which they outwitted the Germans, and with a few clubs and an odd rifle or two drove off the magnificently equipped invaders. Actually, of course, the Germans would have rounded up the guerrillas, burned what was left of the village and hanged among the ruins the owners of the aforesaid homely American pans. Surely it is time to call a halt in these war pictures. If one cannot, at least one can insist that they should bear some kind of relation to the real thing. I am astonished beyond words to discover that the author of this bosh—sorry, I mean the original story and screen play—is Lillian Hellman.



In the spring of 1940 a village festival celebrates a prosperous farming season. Marina (Anne Baxter), Damian (Farley Granger), Clavdia (Jane Withers), Grisha (Eric Roberts), and Kolya (Dana Andrews) start out on a walking trip to Kiev



On the way they meet Karp (Walter Brennan), the old village philosopher. He offers them a lift in his wagon. Suddenly the drone of planes is heard. A vicious attack by Nazi aircraft is directed at the wagon. War has come to North Star village

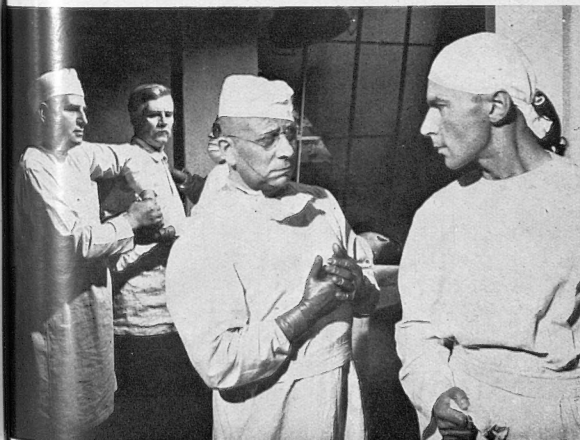
"North Star"

Lillian Hellman's Screen Play
of the Steel-Hearted Russians

Samuel Goldwyn has collected an impressive cast for his film tribute to Soviet Russia. With Ann Harding, Walter Huston, Walter Brennan and Erich von Stroheim are Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews and Jane Withers. The film is a grim indictment of Nazi ruthlessness and brings home yet once again the terrible sufferings of people living under the yoke of the German occupation

Right:

The women and old men stand by as the younger ones (both men and women) ride off to the hills to fight as guerrillas



The Nazis do not hesitate to drain the life's blood from young children in order to save their wounded. Dr. Kurin (Walter Huston), the Russian doctor, is compelled to look on



Dr. Kurin goes up to the hills. He tells the guerrillas their children are dying. Inflamed, they attack the invaders. The German force is wiped out. "The earth belongs to us—the people"

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

This Time It's Love (Comedy)

ON the theatre bill of fare, love is to l'amour rather what roast beef is to beef à la mode. They have indeed such different connotations that, knowing this comedy to be an adaptation from the French, we are not tempted to take its title too literally. The original was written by Louis Verneuil, and its cool craftsmanship, freedom from sentimentality, and characters cast in neat theatrical moulds, have survived the Channel crossing and translation into English.

Its amiable, shrewd, but harassed heroine has always found it easier to be loved than to get married. She has already banked eight times on being led to the altar, but for various reasons, none of them discreditable to her, has failed to reach it. This is her ninth attempt. Her previous mismarriages have left her justly anxious; and it is touch and go, she feels, whether Gustave, with whom she has passed five unruffled years, will really crystallise love into marriage. She is the more concerned that he should, because hope long deferred, even in French comedy, can sicken the heart, time marches on, and prudence as well as expediency counsel haste. Her grown-up son (by a much earlier defaulter) has recently married into a family whose prejudice in favour of regular unions makes them regard even the best regulated mistresses as unvisitable, and they will have no social truck with her.

Save that he has no mind of his own, but is swayed by every extraneous opinion, Gustave is all that she could wish; and though he is gregarious, he loves her. She has so far succeeded in bringing him up to promissory scratch that the banns are published, the day fixed, the guests invited; and all seems merry as a wedding bell. Then, in a moment of calculated altruism, she makes a faux pas, the effect of which is immediate, and threatens to be disastrous. By praising the charms of a local adventuress to Gustave, she confirms the

fascination this tertium quid has deliberately exercised over him, and is promptly deserted. Heroines of French comedy, however, are notoriously resilient; and artfulness, good humour, and risky (not to say risqué) enterprise restore him to her; and with the discomfiture of her rival the well-earned prize is won.

THE three acts that debate this problem do not stress its ethics, but dwell more on its practical and comic factors. French fringed and Hartnell-toileted, Miss Ellen Pollock lisps and languishes with the virtuosity of a comedienne to whom such cheerful taradiddles are all in the year's work, and presents the heroine's fears and raptures with entertaining ease. She is admirably abetted by Mr. Charles Heslop as the susceptible Gustave, and by Mr. Ernest Thesiger as a kind of chivalrous Old Man of the Sea from the past.

Though not aggressively edifying, this agreeably urbane comedy is admirably produced by Mr. Frank Cellier, and if the text is at times more loquacious than laughable, it is very well spoken and capitally acted.

The Recruiting Officer (Arts)

THE butchering of old plays to make new holidays is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. Yet it is still occasionally observed. And it was sad to see Farquhar's robust old comedy so tricked out with quips and pranks, as if its producer were apologising for its uncouthness, and to hear some of it so wretchedly spoken as to be not only tedious but unintelligible.

Here is one of the last (but by no means least) of the Restoration classics set in weak, Christmas-card scenery, gratuitously melodised, and its bawdry so industriously stressed that the junior ranks of Tuscany can scarce forbear to cheer. It may have been written (as the programme reminds us) at the time "made memorable by the makers of the



The Recruiting Officer (Arts)

Helen Cherry as Sylvia, the daughter of Mr. Balance, a country justice, and Trevor Howard as Captain Plume, appear in the revival of George Farquhar's Restoration comedy

Dresden china figures"; but that is a chronological coincidence, not a relevant cue to the manner of its presentation. "Dainty rogues in porcelain" are the last things its broad-fun and vigorous characterisation recall.

Yet there are redeeming virtues in this production; notably Mr. Trevor Howard's excellent performance as the recruiting Captain Plume, the well-spoken country justice of Mr. Gibb McLaughlin, Mr. David Bird's triumphant clown, and the swaggering charm of Miss Helen Cherry in the doublet and breeches of young-manly masquerade.

It was the more disappointing that Mr. Alec Clunes, whose handling of other period comedies had been so happy, should have felt so little confidence in Farquhar's sterling qualities as to smother them with pinchbeck frippery, and interrupt the fine prose with songs which, though good in themselves and cheerfully sung, are nevertheless redundant.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Louis Verneuil's Comedy "This Time It's Love" Has Been Adapted by Leslie Julian James and James Lavall

Charles Heslop appears as Gustave Chantonnet, a susceptible charmer, and Evelyn Barnard as the bogus baroness who lures him from the lady he is to marry



Ernest Thesiger finds life a thankless task as the unloved lover, Ellen Pollock retrieves in the last act what she so nearly loses in the second and connubial bliss is adequately illustrated by Dennis Bowen and Beryl Mason

"Panama Hattie" at the Piccadilly

Bebe Daniels with
Claude Hulbert, Richard
Hearne, Jack Stanford
and Max Wall



Bebe shows amazing gusto in her rough and tumble dance with the four comedians, Max Wall, Richard Hearne, Jack Stanford and Claude Hulbert

Panama Hattie is a light, cheerful, musical affair—nothing very much to think about but quite a lot to laugh about. There is excellent clowning by a really first-rate team of comedians, a slim plot concerning the love of a cabaret singer for the American in charge of the famous Canal, an occasional visit from Nazi spies to keep the flavour 1943, music by Cole Porter and slick production by William Mollison

Photographs by Bert Wilson



Betty Blackler, the child actress, and Ivan Brandt (father and daughter in the play) with Ben Hur



Panama Hattie lets herself go when it comes to fashion. When in doubt she adds a frill, a furbelow, or a feather, and so convinces herself that she can't go wrong (Bebe Daniels)



Loopy Smith has a way with machines. For him they'll pay out every time. Not so poor Vivian Budd, the all-too-English butler, who risks a hard saved bob or two only to be the loser (Richard Hearne, Claude Hulbert)



Promoted beyond their wildest dreams the three little sailors from the sea, Jack Stanford, Richard Hearne and Max Wall find virtue—and their part in saving the Panama Canal—rewarded in the last Act



Miss Guinevere Grant *Harlip*

Daughter of the late Sir A. H. Grant and Margaret, Lady Grant, is to marry Cadet Officer Lionel Hunter, Canadian Recce Regiment



Miss Peggy Gerard-Leigh *Harlip*

The daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gerard-Leigh, of Thorpe Satchville Hall, Leicestershire, is engaged to Robert Guy Gerard, Grenadier Guards, son of Lt.-Col. Charles Gerard, D.S.O., O.B.E.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Rationed Sport

THE King, like every other keen shot, is finding the acute shortage of cartridges something of a problem. At recent royal shoots, which have included a day or two out with the guns at Sandringham and one excellent day of sport at the Queen's Hertfordshire home at St. Paul's Walden, cartridges have been stringently rationed. Fortunately, the King (who celebrated his forty-eighth birthday yesterday), though not quite in the same outstanding class as a shot as was his father, is none the less very accurate, quick and thoroughly reliable with a sporting gun, so that few shots are wasted. His most frequent companion, Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Household, is another first-class shot, and his quickness with a gun belies his deceptively slow appearance.

Peer "Bear-Leader"

AT the Directorate of Public Relations for the War Office there is a select band of officers known affectionately, if irreverently, as the "bear-leaders." These men have the not always easy task of looking after war correspondents, both British and American, who are attached to the Home Forces. One of them is the Marquess of Ely, whose thirty-sixth birthday coincided with the outbreak of war. His easy charm of manner, combined with a distinct ability to get things done quickly and to overcome obstacles without fuss, have made him one of the most popular of the "bear-leaders"; so much so, in fact, that one or two of the more recently arrived Americans, greatly impressed with the fact that an authentic British peer with a seat in the House of Lords was assigned to look after their comfort and arrangements, have cabled long dispatches to their home papers full of praise for the whole-hearted democracy of the British war effort.

Royalty Brings and Buys

ANOTHER indication of the whole-hearted democracy of the British war effort is the continued and remarkable support which is given to every good cause by members of the Royal Family. Only the other day the

Christmas-tree and Bring and Buy Sale, which has been open at Rootes, in Piccadilly, to help the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, had two royal visitors in one day.

In the morning the Duchess of Gloucester arrived, natural and charming, in a plain, neat violet-coloured coat and skirt, and a small hat trimmed with sable. She showed great interest in the enticing contents of the stalls, and was introduced to the helpers, who included Lady Mitchell, wife of the Air Chief-Marshal, Colonel Brassey and Mrs. A. F. Daubeney, who are members of the Appeals Committee of the Association, which has been helping Services families for more than fifty years. In the afternoon the Duchess of Kent appeared, tall and dignified in a fur coat, with a lovely sable muff and little black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. The news that the sale raised well over £2,500 is encouraging.

Chapel Royal Wedding

THE Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace was filled with relatives and friends for the marriage of Lt.-Col. Victor Fitz-George-Balfour and Miss Mary Christian, which was followed by a crowded reception. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Lord Monsell, looked very happy and charming in a slinky frock of silver and blue figured lamé, little bows of the same material keeping her long tulle veil in position. The bridegroom, incidentally, got his promotion from Major to Lieut.-Colonel just in time the day before—a sort of wedding present. Among the groom's relatives I saw Lady Cambridge, who is doing nursing at Poplar; Mrs. Frank D'Arcy and Mrs. Earle. Others who heard his cousin, Col. Edmund Balfour, toast the newly-wed pair were Lord and Lady Sinclair, whose son, the Master of Sinclair, was best man; Lady Monsell and her youngest daughter, the Hon. Patricia Monsell; Lady Grenfell, who arrived with the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, and the bride's sister, Mrs. Derek Wiggan, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Christian (whose mother, Mrs. Denton Carlisle, was also there), and who,



Guests at the Vaughan-Macauley Wedding in London

The Marquess of Queensberry was there, looking thoughtful, and Lady Eleanor Smith. She is the Earl of Birkenhead's elder sister and a well-known authoress. Other pictures of the wedding are to be found on page 333



Miss Kathleen Kennedy was in American Red Cross uniform, and with her was Mr. A. Cullen, of the Argentine Embassy, and Captain Anthony Porson. Her father, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, was a former U.S. Ambassador in London

Saville



A London Christening

The Hon. Peter and Mrs. Ramsbotham's son, Oliver, was christened at St. Cyprian's Church, London. Mr. Ramsbotham is the younger son of Lord Soubury, and married Miss Frances Marie Blomfield in 1941



"F for Freddie's" Son is Christened

The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry were godparents at the christening of Nicholas Charles Pickard, the baby son of G/Capt. Percy C. Pickard, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Mrs. Pickard, which took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. G/Capt. Pickard, who received a second Bar to his D.S.O. in July, now commands his station

with the groom's mother, Mrs. Robert Balfour, received the guests.

Women's Adjustment

MRS. REITZ, the wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa (who pronounces her name as if it were spelt *Rates*), gave a very long and interesting account of the situation of what one might call the Home Front in South Africa as she sees it, at the "At Home" at Grosvenor House given under the auspices of the Women's Adjustment Board Committee, Mrs. Reitz is particularly qualified, as she is the first woman M.P. in the South African House of Representatives. She spoke without a single note, and had much of interest to tell. Another speaker on the subject of South Africa was Miss Arderne Tredgold, of the *Argus*, a well-known South African newspaper. She elected to endeavour to give her hearers a pictorial idea of her country, as she felt that people over here have but a vague idea of it. Mrs. Reitz had a dual duty that afternoon, for she and Lady Suenson-Taylor acted as 'hostesses, and thus Mrs. Reitz was able to make some new

acquaintances among Londoners. Lady Bruntisfield was in the chair, and made a charming and suitably brief introductory speech. Sir Alfred Beit, M.P., was the other speaker, and he confessed that though he has been out to that country, his interests were largely family ones, as his uncle, the late Sir Alfred Beit, went out to Kimberley in far-off days and joined forces with Cecil Rhodes in co-ordinating the diamond mines. The Dowager Lady Airlie came to hear this speaker, as she stands to him in the rather complicated relationship of grandmother-in-law. She and Sir Alfred, as well as Mrs. Reitz, Lady Bruntisfield, and a few others, all took tea afterwards with Lady Suenson-Taylor, who had a large table in the foyer.

Around London

LADY ANNALY is one of the busy women one sees about town, for her work as an industrial caterer keeps her pretty well tied to London. She helps organise the feeding in works canteens, which is extremely important when it is realised that 3,000,000 main meals

have to be provided daily. I saw Lady Annaly lunching at the May Fair in Lady Joseph's party of a dozen women friends. Another day, I met Marie, Lady Willingdon, who was exercising her three Pekes, as usual all fastened on to one lead, and the sweetest little terrier pup was being introduced to friends by its owner, Lady Veronica Maddick. Lady Harlech was just going into the May Fair, and Lady Pembroke was carrying a workmanlike pigskin bag in Brook Street. Mrs. John Gretton, the pretty wife of one of our new M.P.s, was also carrying a bag—of the paper carrier variety this time. In Bond Street I met Countess Manfred Czernin, smart in all black, and with a little barrel muff of Persian lamb. She was Maud Hamilton, the musical daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Hamilton, the latter the popular Sarah Brooke, of Edwardian theatrical days. A tall figure stalking past classical Creve House was the Duke of Marlborough, proofed against the east wind in a uniform greatcoat of splendid dimensions. Mr. Noel Coward was a distinguished diner-out; Baron von Avenleben sat nearby with his half-sister, Bianca Loewenstein, the sculptress.

(Concluded on page 344)



Lt.-Col. Kenneth Wagg (whose wife is shown in another picture) was talking to Mrs. George Spencer. He is in the Rifle Brigade



Lady Honor Llewellyn, Lord Vaughan's second sister, is seen here with the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, who was formerly Renee Merandon du Plessis



Mrs. Kenneth Wagg was talking to Sir Robert Remwick. He was appointed Controller of Communications Equipment at the Air Ministry in 1942



Mrs. Denis Alexander and Mr. Richard Oliphant were discussing something. She is Lady Kemsley's daughter and was married in London in the spring

The Wedding Reception was Held in Berkeley Square

Swags

"There Shall Be No Night"

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in
Robert E. Sherwood's Play of Greece

● The presentation by H. M. Tennent, Ltd., of *There Shall Be No Night* at the Aldwych Theatre to-night, is a great occasion in the theatre world, for it brings back to the London stage that great American actor, Alfred Lunt, and his British-born wife, Lynn Fontanne. The play is set in Greece just before and during its invasion by the Axis. Alfred Lunt is a celebrated Greek doctor, Karilo Vlachos, and Lynn Fontanne his American wife, Miranda. They have one son, Philip (Terry Morgan), who is engaged to a Greek girl, Eleni (Muriel Pavlow). When war comes Eleni inspires the Vlachos with her own fervent patriotism, and in spite of earlier pacifist sympathies, Karilo and his son join the forces. The play is a tragic one. Both Karilo and Philip are killed, Eleni is forced to leave Greece for the birth of her baby, and as the last curtain falls, the approach of the Nazi invaders is heard at the gates of Athens

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



The celebrated Greek doctor, Karilo Vlachos (Alfred Lunt), joins the fighting forces. His uniform surprises his wife Miranda (Lynn Fontanne), for in the past her husband has professed pacifist ideas and the firm conviction that those who want to fight should solve their own problems



As Doctor Ziemssen, a German agent, the famous restaurateur, Gerald Kempinski, has his first part on the London stage. He comes to warn the Vlachos to leave Greece while there is yet time



Karilo tries to persuade his wife to return to America. She refuses to leave him and together they toast the future and whatever it may bring



Eleni, now a young nurse, finds that she is to have Philip's baby. "I won't have a child born under a curse," she cries. The Vlachos persuade her that children born to-day have a glorious mission to fulfil, and they arrange for Eleni to go to America so that the child may be born there (Alfred Lunt, Muriel Pavlow, Lynn Fontanne)



Eleni says good-bye to her young lover, Philip Vlachos, who has joined the army. They talk of the wonderful wedding they will have one day. Soon afterwards, Philip is killed in the desperate fighting which marked the patriotic resistance of Greece (Muriel Pavlow, Terry Morgan)



With her husband and son killed, Miranda is alone in her house with an elderly relative. The Axis invaders are near. Quietly Miranda goes about her homely duties, but with certainty she conveys to the audience that her own end is near

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF Lady Dorothy Nevill, as a *Times* correspondent avers, really used to remark of the violin: "I ate that scratchin' sound," she was probably pleasing herself, like that Duke of Norfolk who liked old clothes and was always mistaken for a gamekeeper.

"Chaney" for "china" was another whimsy common in the most elevated circles almost within living memory, and we know an old gentleman, travelled and cultured, who still speaks of Cape Grinny and Callis and St. German's, as they did when they made the Grand Tour in post-chaises. The dropped final "g" is rather a mystery, nevertheless. It's supposed to be the invention of hard men to hounds, those victims of rage and fear, but no Surtees character uses it, unless we foully err. More likely some languid mid-Victorian boulevardier in a velvet smoking-cap found the effort of the final "g" too much for his strength one day and remarked, in the presence of Jack Crasher of the Blues and La Belle Ravioli of the Italian Opera, that ewwythin' was too dweadfly exhaustin'. La Ravioli thought this crack entrancing ("Coo, blimey, chase me, Tiny, you are a one!") and Jack Crasher carried this latest *bon mot* round all the country-houses, and the hunting crowd, always tenacious characters, fastened on to the dropped "g" like starving bulldogs and hold it in their terrific mottled jaws to this day.

Duet

IT certainly lends the M.F.H.'s fortissimo chats with frightful leathery women in the field a certain extra fascination.

"You headed my bloody fox!"
 "I did not head your bloody fox!"
 "You bloody well did! You're always headin' my bloody foxes!"
 "Anythin' else?"
 "If you're not headin' my bloody foxes you're jumpin' all over my bloody hounds!"

"Well, if you were to start huntin' your bloody fox for a change—"

"... thrustin' ..."
 "... perfectly stinkin' ..."
 "... skirtin' and' dodgin' ..."
 "... nickin' ..."

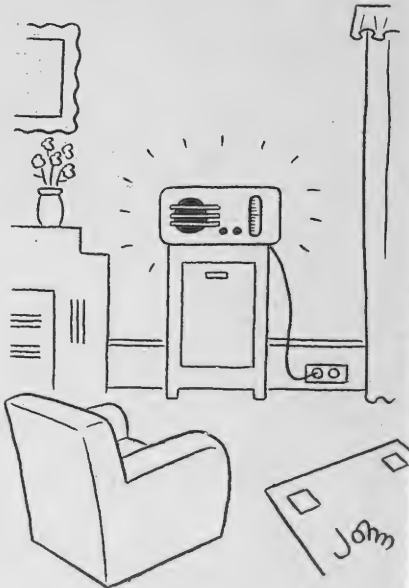
"JOE! Get on to Granberry Wood!"

The blood-pressure saved on both sides by dropping the final "g" has been calculated by scientists, after experimenting on rats at Cambridge, to equal a pressure of 173 foot-pounds at 15 feet per second per second.

Hideout

AT the 13th-century George Inn, Alfriston, Sussex, recently half-destroyed by fire, was the 18th-century headquarters of the Alfriston Gang of smugglers, which ruled the Cuckmere River valley and inland, north, as far as Mayfield and the Rother. The underground passages from the George to the Cuckmere are interesting.

Expect no romantic stuff about the smuggling boys. Chicago would have nothing to teach them in the art of torturing captured Excise officers and liquidating peasants who stumbled in their way. The curious thing about the Alfriston Gang—which was just a little less bestial and feared than the



"... Down with a bounce, and a bounce and up again!"

Hawkhurst Gang, over the Kentish border—is that Bob Hall, its last member, died as late as 1895 in Eastbourne Workhouse, in his late nineties. But when young Mr. Hall joined the gang the golden days were over and fewer and fewer French luggers dropped the barrels overboard off Birling Gap on a moonless night for the pack-ponies to carry up to Alfriston and Seaford. On that lonely bit of coast and along the desolate valley above it voices are still heard in the fog, a chap once told us; but he may have been a liar.

Ballad

ORDERING us rather peremptorily to pipe up with a song, a naval reader says "Rich Women's Knees" will do again if we can't produce anything else.

"Rich Women's Knees" is a song for a sunny Spring day, sir. For a grey December day we think a song called "A Titled Woman Bought His Bedroom Ware" is more suitable. We composed it during the auction of Thomas Hardy's household effects down at Dorchester some time ago. The first line comes from the *Daily Express* report of the sale, and it is a piece of rich melancholy emotion all through.

1.

A titled woman bought his bedroom ware,
 The basin and the soapdish and the jug
 Wherewith so many mornings, grey with care,
 Was washed that tiny pessimistic mug.

Refrain (with morbid vivacity):

Queen of my heart—ah, do not grieve!
 I am Fate's football, I believe,
 With a rumty tiddly tum;
 Like all the Hardy boys I find
 That Fate keeps kicking me behind,
 I hope your people do not mind,
 With a rumty tiddly, tiddly tum,
 And a rumty tiddly tum.

2.

Patrician hands may toy with costlier soap,
 Flannels more soft may glide o'er necks more fair,
 But what is hygiene where there is no hope?

A titled woman bought his bedroom ware.

Refrain:

Queen of my heart (etc.).

(Concluded on page 334)



"Captain Loathly-Trubshaw and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Pukes. . . . He is, needless to say, in the Grenadier Guards, and she is the wife of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Reggie Pukes, who is, needless to say, overseas . . ."



Capt. Viscount Vaughan, Welsh Guards, only son of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, and Miss Shelagh Macauley, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Macauley, of 3, Grosvenor Square, W., were married on December 4th at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride and bridegroom are seen here cutting the cake at the reception, and behind them is Don Julio Bittencourt, grandfather of the bridegroom



The bride, who wore white satin, was given away by her father, Mr. T. A. Macauley

London Wedding

Lord Vaughan Marries Miss Macauley



Photographs by Swaebe

Left: Capt. the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, the bridegroom's parents, were photographed together at the reception



Capt. P. Beckwith-Smith, Welsh Guards, was best man, and here is with Lady Gloria Fisher, eldest sister of the bridegroom



Lady Auriel Vaughan and Miss Patricia Macauley, sisters of the bride and groom, were bridesmaids and wore red velvet



With Mrs. T. A. Macauley, mother of the bride, is Lady Lever, wife of Sir Tresham Lever, of Newell Hall, Berkshire

Standing By ...

(Continued)

The third verse is so utterly hopeless that we can't sing it for choking, and a sad little dance concludes the entertainment, thanking you one and all.

Thugs

THOSE two bandits armed with tommy-guns who recently held up a Brighton post office for £500 and got away in a stolen Army jeep make the local racing gangsters look a bit silly, we thought.

Razors—the safety-blade attached to the thumb-nail with adhesive tape for ordinary “carving,” the oldfashioned “cut-throat” for more serious work—are the only persuaders the race-gangs use. Whether they are as skilled with the “cut-throat” razor as the natives of Harlem, N.Y., we wouldn't know. A beaming ebony citizen of that delightful quarter once showed us the traditional holds and slashes, claiming that the razor is the ideal weapon for guys with “noives,” who are upset by bangs and bumps. On this account we've often thought of recommending the razor to feverish booksy boys with feuds to settle. When rooks broke out at pre-war parties they used to scuffle rather womanishly. Maybe publishers' narks had broken their spirit by tapping them too constantly on the noggin with those short lengths of lead-piping publishers' narks carry. A nark called Izzy the Rap, wellknown in the pre-war booksy underworld and employed by a much-feared publisher known as “Uncle,” boasted that he could crack even a *Spectator* critic's skull with one gentle tap.

Dear old “Uncle.” Everybody loved him. But we still think his habit of beating critics up personally with a rubber club was a bit academic. There are other ways of nobbling the Press than that, damn it.

Point

OUR favourite Nature boy scored a good point the other day against one of his correspondents “whose date for redwings, October 17, is much later than mine!” This victory makes a Nature boy easy to live with.

Had any correspondent seen the redwings first, the average Nature boy would make his women's lives a hell, viciously twisting arms and pulling hair, till his Aunt said desperately: “For God's sake, Emily, show him a chieffaff.” What appeases a frantic Nature boy most quickly, however, is the sight of a female moose. Fans of Gilbert White will remember his hurrying to Goodwood in 1770 to get a glimpse of a recently-dead female moose belonging to the Duke of Richmond. Half asphyxiated with the stench, Mr. White hopped round the moose briskly, measuring everything, and returned to Selborne a new man. And we often wonder what would have happened if he had met

the Duke's new head-gardener first.

“Oh, good morning. I believe his Grace has a dead female moose?”
“A moose?”
“A moose.”
“I' the moose?”
“So I deduce.”

Just as this was developing into a B.B.C. Variety crosstalk song and dance Mr. White would lose patience, crying “The moose! Show me the dead moose!” and Mr. McIntosh would lead him to the butler, saying “Mr. Parrrkerrr, I doot the puir wee loon's gane clean gyte, he's fair ragin' tae see a dead moose,” and the butler would stare in dignified astonishment, and as they were arguing noisily the Duke would appear, saying, “Now, now, now, Parker, what the devil's all this, hey? Hey? Hey? What? What? What?” and the butler would cough and say “Begging your Grace's pardon, the gentleman seems hinderscribably excited about a—er—a dead mouse,” and the Duke would give White a glance and say



“But I don't want to be the wife of the Governor of this island, Mr. Pinkerton. I'd rather have something with less to do, like Colonial Secretary or Postmaster-General!”

“Damme, and a clergyman, too! See him out, Parker,” and stamp off. A pretty imbroglia. They'd have to show Mr. White a whole covey of Bagster's Great Spotted Guffin to restore him after that, we guess.

Rap

AN anguished chap surveying the daily and weekly Press and the railway bookstalls has again been arguing that it might have been better for civilisation if somebody had knifed Slogger Caxton just before he took the first twirl at his new printing-press.

It isn't Caxton's responsibility entirely, of course, it's equally Gutenberg's and one or two other boys, Italian and French. And we wouldn't say everything that gets printed nowadays is tripe, either. Naturally this page (for example) would look more charming to the eye if it were written in fine black cursive script on vellum, lavishly decorated in colour and thickly loaded with gold, with the incidental music in plain-song-script. But we doubt if the spiritual beauty of its message could be enhanced thereby, or if you would cherish and preserve these writings more carefully than you do at present (tell Auntie Volume XV, is in the big morocco portfolio in the centre cabinet, next to the Ming vases).

However, tripe undoubtedly came in with printing, and so did printer's itch, or dermatitis, and whole swarms of literary critics (see above). The latter can be dealt with by spraying, people tell us, but sometimes you have to take the floor up.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



“Shall we walk or shall we try to get a taxi and then walk?”



Many Happy Returns

Prince William Celebrates His Second
Birthday on December 18th

An exciting event is in store for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's young son, for he is to accompany his parents to Australia when the Duke takes up his appointment as Governor-General of the Commonwealth. Prince William, born on December 18th two years ago, is fourth in direct succession to the throne, and is the seventh grandchild of Queen Mary, who was principal godmother at his christening

Photographs by Eric Ager

"Promenade"

A Divertissement to
Haydn Music by
Ninette de Valois

The opening London performance of Ninette de Valois' *Promenade* (her first new ballet since *Orpheus and Eurydice* in May 1941) was due on December 7th at the New Theatre, to which the Sadler's Wells Ballet returned recently. To music by Haydn, chosen and arranged by Edwin Evans, *Promenade* is a light, gay divertissement ballet of just the type most needed in the current repertoire of the Company. The decor and dresses in French Empire style are by Hugh Stevenson, whose earlier designs for a de Valois ballet, *The Gods Go a-Begging*, were particularly successful. An interesting experiment in this work was the collaboration of Lieut. de Cadenet, of the Free French Air Force, with the choreographer in arranging the peasant dance and finale. Another innovation in connection with *Promenade* was its presentation outside London: it was first performed in Edinburgh in October and has been given throughout the recent tour



The Schoolgirls and the Lepidopterist

A windy morning in a park, a Lepidopterist, with spectacles, book and net, pursuing his researches: so the ballet opens. Enter a crocodile of bonneted schoolgirls, prim and correct as the Governess (Wenda Horsburgh) who guards them. But when she naps off on a chair the girls dance and play, teasing the elderly scientist with their prankish curiosity, until Mademoiselle shepherds them on their way again



The Peasants Come from Brittany

Breton peasants invade the park (led by Peggy van Praagh, June Vincent and Franklin White) and perform their simple steps in intricate rhythms and patterns, joined for the finale by the whole company. Lt. de Cadenet, whose help Miss de Valois had in arranging the peasant numbers, is himself an authority on Breton folk-dances.



"Les Merveilleuses" are the fashionables of the day, taking the air and performing their idle social games with suitable elegance and sensibility. The pas de deux is danced with an admirable sense of period by Bedells, Leslie Edwards, Moyra Fraser and Julia

Photographs by Anthony



Like a leaf blown to and fro by the wind, the "Promenade" soloist, Pauline Clayden, flits with light inconsequence among the passers-by. The Lepidopterist catches her mischievous attention and, vanquished by her mockery, has ignominiously to retire



day,
duties
quatre
Jean
urron



The park has its lovers too, of course, some flirting under the eye of their elders, others exchanging looks and vows in the lonelier glades. Alexis Rassine and Moira Shearer are the gay and shameless flirts, dancing for each other's pleasure, to whom an old gentleman is an object rather of ridicule than respect



One old gentleman, may be fair game for the heartless young, but two old gentlemen feel as wise as they look foolish. Ray Powell as an elderly buck dances a pas-de-trois with Shearer and Rassine, until the Lepidopterist (Gordon Hamilton) comes along to keep him company



Romantic lovers, to whose rendezvous the park's morning bustle and liveliness give place, are Beryl Grey and David Paltenghi. They sigh and smile, part and reunite in a slow pas-de-deux whose mood is half-gay, half-wistful, wholly poetic



Gordon Hamilton makes a delightfully humorous character of the ubiquitous Lepidopterist whose peering and potterings after the butterflies he never catches provide the thread on which the ballet is lightly strung. With him here is the Governess (Wenda Horsburgh)



Col. W. T. B. Tasker, South African Air Liaison Officer, originally joined the R.F.C. in 1916 as a pilot, was demobilised three years later and returned to South Africa. In 1923 he joined the S.A.A.F., in which he has served ever since. Col. Tasker was educated in Grahamstown, South Africa



G/Capt. A. J. Manson, M.C., E.D., Deputy A.O.C. Royal New Zealand Air Force, served in the New Zealand military forces during the last war, and until the outbreak of this one, when he joined the R.N.Z.A.F. in an administrative capacity. He was Assistant Air Member for Personnel in Wellington before his present appointment



W/Cdr. J. Davison, Air Liaison Officer for the Royal Southern Rhodesian Air Force, was senior equipment staff officer at the R.S.R.A.F. headquarters before coming to London in his present capacity. Before the war he was resident director of the de Havilland Aviation Company in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia

Dominion Air Chiefs in Britain



Air Vice-Marshal H. N. Wrigley, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., now A.O.C. Overseas H.Q., Royal Australian Air Force, served in the Australian Flying Corps in the last war. In 1929 he came to London as Australian Liaison Officer at the Air Ministry, and on returning to Australia became Director of Organisation and Staff Duties. Previous to his present appointment he was Air Member for Personnel



Air Marshal Harold Edwards, C.B., A.O.C.-in-C., Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas, has had a varied career. He worked as a pit boy before enlisting in 1914 as an ordinary seaman in the Royal Canadian Navy, and transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service a year later with a commission. Shot down over Germany in 1917, he studied languages and literature extensively while a prisoner of war. He joined the R.C.A.F. on its formation in 1924. Posted to London in 1941, Air Marshal Edwards took up his present job in November that year

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Little Nursery Rhyme

I FEEL that, vis-à-vis German horse-thieves and a recent conference, it is quite certain the inner meaning will not be lost upon the large number of horse- and cattle-thieves, jewel- and picture-robbers, and so forth, upon whom the day of reckoning is creeping so stealthily and so inevitably. In Italy, where the thieves fell out, the ones who managed to climb into a very slippery saddle at once began to get busy grabbing their share of the swag, hidden away by Mussolini, Ciano, the ineffable Edda, and many others of the gang. The same thing is bound to happen quite soon in Germany and Japan, but it is certain that, whoever is the ultimate fence, the only way in which to make him disgorge will be at the point of a bayonet or the muzzle of a gun. Now here is the pretty little German nursery rhyme, which will demonstrate that, from the very earliest years, the darling little innocents have had it drummed into them that you should never restore stolen property excepting under severe compulsion:—

Fuchs du hast die Gans gestolen
Gieb sie wieder her
Sonst werd dich der Jäger holen
Mit dem Schutz-Gewehr.

Hints for Young "Huntsmen"

PRESUMING, purely for the sake of argument, that the prevailing urge for proficiency in the art and science of equitation presages a recrudescence of one of the best recipes for a good digestion and longevity, and also for good temper and a truly democratic spirit, one who has fared forth into many regions and run into strange capers in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales has conceived that he may be doing the Meynell or Osbaldeston of 1903 a good turn if he offers him some of the fruits of his varied harvest in the hope that they will not turn Dead Sea apples in the mouth. There are so many pitfalls and booby-traps connected with the *chasse* that I feel that it is only common humanity to make an effort to catalogue just

a few of them in case the world, by the time named, should have decided to return to some small measure of sanity, and the day may have arrived when the Ishmaelish spirit ceases to exist. When I have passed into the mists of "Yesterday's Seven Thousand Years," there may again be a Merrie England not disdainful of the sports and pastimes of our ancestors. I am encouraged in this optimism by the fact that even at the Christmas after Munich I was invited to assist at the emptying of a wassail bowl in Warwickshire. There may, therefore, be a faint ray of hope breaking on the distant horizon.

(Concluded on page 340)



Leaving the Palace

After receiving the M.C. at a recent Investiture, Major John Samuelson, The Buffs, is seen with his wife and her mother, Mrs. Cecil Winter. He has returned home after eight years' service abroad



Staff Officers of an Operational Training Unit of Fighter Command

Front row: F/Lt. G. Wallis, S/Ldr. H. G. Fletcher, D.F.C., Capt. J. C. Winterschlader, R.A., S/Ldrs. J. B. Hards, A. G. Parnall, W/Cdr. A. D. Annand, G/Capt. L. F. Forbes, M.C., W/Cdrs. W. R. Parkhouse, G. B. Walford, Major J. S. Dacre, R.A., S/Ldrs. P. D. Morris, W. F. H. Ainsworth, F/Lt. H. W. Knowling. Second row: W/O. J. Gear, F/Lts. H. G. J. Coddington, A. E. Guyner, L. A. P. Barra-Robinson, H. Richardson, B. H. Boniface, D. A. Lloyd, C. H. T. Short, F. L. Petch, Captain Van Harlingen, F/Lts. J. W. M. Harries, A. L. Kerridge, N. Jenkins. Back row: W/Os. F. G. Watts, J. P. Lloyd, P/Os. B. E. H. Merewood, L. W. Fry, F/Os. I. D. Baker, W. J. Anderson, P. Kinnan, G. S. Cowley, V. E. Lewis, M. H. Pinches, G. S. M. Pontius, E. W. East, M. H. Nelson, R. H. Ireland, F/Lts. P. B. Buckley, L. Garston



D. R. Stuart

Dominion and Allied Officers at a R.N. Engineering College

Front row: Sub-Lt. (E) P. W. Jeffries, R.A.N., —, Lt. (E) T. J. Keohane, R.C.N., —, Sub-Lt. (E) J. W. Schulz, R.A.N., —, Sub-Lt. (E) R. L. Lane, R.C.N. Middle row: Sub-Lt. H. J. Bodman, R.A.N., Mid. (E) H. I. Hutchinson, R.A.N., Sub-Lts. (E) J. C. W. Kennedy, R.A.N., (E) L. A. Shearing, R.A.N., (E) K. E. Lewis, R.C.N., —, (E) L. A. D. Sladdin, R.A.N. Back row: Mid. (E) P. F. Edwards, R.A.N., Mid. (E) V. I. Henshaw, R.A.N., Sub-Lts. (E) J. H. Johnson, R.A.N., (E) T. J. Scattergood, R.A.N. (Unfortunately, we have not the complete list of names)



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a R.N. Training Establishment

Front row: Lt. A. R. Browne, R.N.V.R., Surg-Lt. F. H. Richards, R.N., Lt. (E) W. Hudson, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. W. Harper, R.N., Cdr. G. N. Gilbertson, D.S.O., R.N., Chaplain H. W. Pearson, R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. B. R. Pearson, W.R.N.S., Lt. P. E. Andrews, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Sub-Lts. H. Mawdesley, R.N.V.R., J. Gemmell, R.N.V.R., H. Carr, R.N.V.R., Lts. G. H. Jackson, R.N.V.R., W. H. Dowe, R.N.V.R., Pay/Lt. A. H. Raven, R.N.V.R., Lt. C. E. Adams, R.N.V.R. Back row: Lt. A. Graham, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lts. H. J. Acker, R.N.V.R., R. Gardiner, R.N.V.R., A. E. Farrow, R.N.V.R., Mid. J. A. Poulter, R.N.V.R., Mid. G. B. Murray, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. B. P. Hall, R.N.V.R.



Guy's Hospital Centenary Match

D. R. Stuart

Guy's Hospital R.F.C. celebrated its centenary by a match at Honor Oak Park against a team of Internationals gathered together by the London Rugby Union. Here is the Guy's Hospital XV., who were defeated by 5 points to nil in the last three minutes of play: (in front) R. D. Willcock, E. W. Graham; (sitting) C. Zier-vogel, D. M. Strathie, C. Vidot, W. D. Doherty (President), A. B. Lee (captain), A. Batty-Shaw (secretary), R. G. L. Brittain, N. K. Macrae-Gibson; (standing) W/Cdr. C. G. A. Gadeney (referee), A. C. Macrae-Gibson, R. A. Dean, D. C. Boyd, D. Gullick, G. Hildick-Smith, P. D. Harvey, P. C. Alexander (touch judge)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Safari

IN all operations, whether for War, or her twin sister, Love, preparation is everything. A few convenient heads may be assembled for the use, I hope, and the guidance, I believe, of the "Hunter" of the future; so let's make a start!

Accoutrement

ALWAYS either pack your hunting kitbag yourself, or stand over any minion charged with the task. You will thus avoid arriving at your journey's end with either two left boots or two right ones, which are equally annoying. Boot-powder, jockeys and boot-hooks should never be let out of your sight, for their absolute necessity would never occur to any servant not brought up in a hunting family, and most nowadays know more about tanks and motor-bikes—so watch out!

Meals

THE only difficult one is the pre-hunting breakfast. It is always a moment for

the silence of the Trappist. Do not, therefore, come in whistling "We'll All Go A-Hunting To-day," or even "The Eton Boating Song," for which latter, in any case, the season is not suited. Sneak in unobtrusively and grab your kidney, your egg, your sausage, your bacon and your marmalade and toast. Speak to no one, especially not to the man who may be giving an imitation of a foxhound over his porridge, and even more especially not to the man who lifts the covers of the various dishes, snibs his nose, and then shudders. He is looking for a raw egg, the Worcester sauce and some tabasco. Don't, on any account, say "Ham, Eustace?" He might push you over and savage you with his teeth. If any girls come in, looking, as they always do, bless their hearts, lovely as the pink-tipped dawn and smelling like a bowl-full of violets, bolt all the food you may have in your mouth, irrespective of quantity, and scoot. They are bound to speak their minds about people who can only face prairie oysters, and who growl and slush over their porridge; so there's bound to be trouble. Go in later, if you like, and see that they get an egg or a kidney or two, but play for safety until one of the dangerous breakfasters have departed.

Another Picture

YOU may come across some variants to the foregoing, for here and there the Elegant 'Eighties and the Naughty 'Nineties still survive. They would not allow the raw egg hunter out of his room: James or John, the underfootman, would have heard of his condition and taken him up at least two prairie oysters ready concocted. They also would not have permitted the porridge guzzler to make that filthy noise. Tea and coffee drinkers might in these surroundings incur opprobrium. The correct beverage in such circles is hock and seltzer, and as to the rest of the repast, the kidneys are always devilled, there is a peach-fed ham, sausages made of other than ersatz pig, boar's-head, fish, and not infrequently oyster patties, and to top off you would be expected to warm one of those enormous goblets over the egg-boiler and then stick some very good brandy in it.

Early Morning Dress, Etc.

NEVER hiss at yourself when brushing your hair, no matter how horsey you may wish your host's valet to think that you are. It is rotten bad form. Do not go down to breakfast in your pink coat, top hat, string gloves and spurs. It simply isn't done—if you get my meaning? A foxy coat, a throttler, and certainly a hunting apron (over your breeches, of course), for sometimes breakfast is a sloppy sort of meal, and coffee all over your hunting knickerbockers looks beastly. Aim at a dégage, devil-may-care sort of demi-toilette, and leave all the finishing touches till someone of a fussy nature warns you that the car leaves in twenty minutes.

Wicked Varlets and Riding Orders

THERE are some orders, as we know, which, to hark back to jockeys' vagaries, are so discreetly worded that no one could really lay hold of anything very definite upon which to hang anything—or anyone. They usually pass between (a) the wicked and the wicked, or (b) between the wicked and the weak, and they run something like this: "He didn't eat up last night, and so, if you find him dyin' on your hands, don't knock him about, but, of course, win if you can! I haven't got a sixpence on him, but next week! . . ." Then there is another kind. The owner apostrophises the gory remains of his jockey, which are being carried across a potato-sack by two good Samaritans—gates, as we know them in this country, being almost non-existent in Ireland. Says the owner: "Dugan, did I not tell ye to moind yerself? And did ye do it? Dugan, ye did not!" The riding orders have been that the little mare was a bit flighty-like, and that she might try to fly the big banks if she got out in front by herself.



A Royal Artillery Cricket XI. in Malta

Front row: Major N. J. Harrison, Lt.-Cdr. Pugh, R.N., Major T. R. Welsby Deakin, Lt.-Col. J. H. M. Stennett, Major H. J. Enthoven. Back row: Lt. N. A. Woodhead, M.C., Gunner W. S. Hill, L/Bdr. F. Donaldson, Capt. D. C. Bond, Major R. C. Smail, Master-Gunner W. Pleant



Three Former Guy's Rugby Players

D. R. Stuart

Mr. C. S. Lane-Roberts led the Guy's XV. in 1913-14; the senior player, Dr. A. Allport, led the forwards in 1888-90, and Dr. K. B. Alexander was captain from 1895 to 1897

Corn in Leicestershire

Sir Harold Nutting Farms
2000 Acres for Food



Sir Harold examines his wheat, which averaged over eight quarters per acre



Sir Harold's terrier, Jimmy, appears to have spotted something here



Sir Harold and his wife take the terriers ridding the stacks. The dog Lady Nutting is holding accounted for the only two rats caught that day



Loading Up the Conveyer



With One of the Land-Girls

Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire, Master of the Quorn for ten years, gave up the Mastership in 1939. Since then he has devoted his energy to producing food for the war effort, and 75 per cent. of his 2000 acres is under the plough. This land, considered the best grass hunting country in the world, has not been ploughed since the Crimea. Sir Harold is a Colonel in the Quorn Home Guard

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Empty Pleasure-Ground

THE French Riviera, left desolate by the fall of France, is the dramatic background of Peter de Polnay's new novel, *Water on the Steps* (Secker and Warburg; 9s. 6d.). In the glare of the summer of 1941 stand the shut-up villas and deserted restaurants. The dazzling stretches of the coast roads are empty, no longer humming with great cars. The few little hotel hotels that stay open are fly-blown and pathetically discreet. The few passengers descending from local trains are conscious of inimical supervision. The villagers, the peasants, the farmers, the remaining inhabitants of villas go their ways cautiously: many are gaunt with hunger. This, it is true, is still Unoccupied France. But the long German shadow, crossing the demarcation line, touches the edge of this sunny sea.

The Mediterranean and the sky above it are as blue as ever; the colours along the coast are almost callously bright. By some eyes, all this is seen through perpetual dark glass—such eyes are Ann's: Charles Layland, who hopes to ignore the war, has rescued his young wife from German-infested Paris and brought her to his French uncle's luxury hotel-restaurant, the *Réserve* de Saint-Louis. Here, in the *Réserve*'s deserted garden, wander a few people, assorted ghosts from the past. In the marble-rimmed pool broods fatefully one veteran languette, known as the Grand Duke Nicolai. Indoors, chandeliers and mirrors are sheeted up. The Breton proprietor, Jean Le Goff, his English wife (who is Charles's aunt), the Italian chef and Italian gardener keep the *Réserve* going—as a legend, at least. The expensive revellers for whom he catered are, Le Goff believes, finished, and he does not regret them.

Meanwhile, Le Goff is fascinated by a phenomenon. The Mediterranean, being tideless, should have no variations in level. None the less, the sea-water is rising, up the marble steps that run down from the *Réserve* garden. Since he came here, up to the 1940 Armistice, three steps had always remained untouched and dry. After the Armistice one had been swallowed up, then another. Day by day he expects the sea to engulf the third. . . . The idea of this engulfment, which is a symbol, runs through the novel and is a clue to its name.

Crooks and Innocents

THE plot of *Water on the Steps* is well-knit; it is packed with action that could not be more exciting. Like so many excellent novels nowadays, this has elements of the thriller—the fact is that as life speeds up the novel must do so too. But high above ordinary thriller level is the imagination with which the whole is sustained. The characters not only contribute to the effective mystery; they are mysterious in themselves—mysterious in their passions, their inconsistencies, their illusions, their

ambitions and their regrets. And the scenes, however clear and dramatic, melt off at their edges into an enchanting strangeness.

You may remember that Mr. de Polnay's *Boo* was the portrait of what is generally called "an innocent." *Water on the Steps* contains no one "innocent" in that complete sense, but has several characters tinged with that quality. The ether-soaked Princess (born in Kansas City), with her gramophone-like singing and tawdry Paris memories, is an example. So, though in a very much subtler way, is the apparently hard-boiled Le Goff himself—with his nonchalance and his mystic preoccupations and his tenderly vehement love for his English wife. And so—though perhaps least obviously of all—is Mr. Kotaktion, Armenian international man of affairs (or, to put the matter more bluntly, international crook), who has one wife in Warwickshire, one in Smyrna and a son at Eton of whom he is very proud.

It is Mr. Kotaktion who, by stepping off the train at Marseilles, puts the main plot in action. Henceforward, like him and his hired gangsters, the plot is to go chugging up and down the coast, between Toulon, Saint-Louis, Marseilles and Hyères. The underworld of Marseilles seethes into the cast. Mysterious German agents are contacted by Mr. Kotaktion in small hotels, or are met by appointment in a high-walled villa. I do not think I shall spoil your pleasure in reading if I "reveal" that this means hanky-panky about some gold.

Kotaktion, by his patronage of the *Réserve* de Saint-Louis (which has been his haunt in palmier days), knits up with the rest of the plot—the return of the frozen Ann, the arrival of the two



Cdr. Kenneth Edwards, R.N., whose book, "Men of Action," just published, contains portraits of many of the most distinguished naval men of the present time, is himself a sailor of experience. Since his retirement in 1932 he has established himself as an authority on our sea affairs, and his previous publications include "The Grey Diplomats," "Uneasy Oceans" and "We Dive at Dawn." "Men of Action" is illustrated by Douglas Wales, who painted the above portrait of the author.

young English soldiers escaped from a German prison. The climax is all it should be. One can trace several incidents in this novel to the author's own adventures, as told in *Death and To-morrow*.

Change, not Decay

ANGELA THIRKELL'S *Growing Up* (Hamish Hamilton; 9s.) is, again, a novel of change, but pitched in a quieter key. The

traditions of Barsestine stand up better to war than do the luxurious fantasies of the Côte d'Azur. I admired particularly, in *Growing Up*, Mrs. Thirkell's deepening of her characters—a deepening well worth the sacrifice of some of her ever-expected, and always delicious, fun. Sir Harry and Lady Waring, that elderly couple left childless by the last war, have a quality deeper than surface humour or facile sentiment about their type could touch. It is difficult, in modern fiction, to make the good sympathetic—in order to avoid sugar-coating them, one inclines to be over-detached or over-ironic. Mrs. Thirkell has, however, approached the Warings with a simplicity due to their own, and she makes us like them, from the first moment we meet them, at Winter Overcoats Station, up to the novel's skilfully inconclusive end.

The Warings are not alone—who in wartime is? Their vast, inconvenient, hideous, but not unlovable house, Beliers Priory, has been taken over as an Army convalescent home. Here, therefore, Matron—a striking character—rules. She finds time to pop in pretty frequently on the Warings, who in otherwise great contentment live in the servants' wing. Matron's starch, her talk of the "boys," her poor

(Concluded on page 344)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year!" By Richard King

—so runs the mes-

sage, which once was expected to arouse nostalgia, yet more often attracted thankfulness. For if Christmas ever came twice a year, most of us would be laid flat. Only the bravest and the richest among us could face bi-annually the haunting Yuletide problem of what to give this time—a "haunt" which grows ever more intensive as the mind groans through December. Useless to comfort oneself by saying, "All my friends seem to have everything they want." They will all expect something just the same.

What we shall do this year beggars the imagination. From being a mere problem, the choosing of Christmas presents has become a major operation. Previously, one could solve it by stockings, socks, handkerchiefs and ties. To-day, merely to cut one clothing-coupon out of our ration-book; other than to benefit ourselves, is like being torn limb from limb, leaving us the symbol of a mangled corpse! No wonder the mind stands appalled as the body pauses beside a shop-window! In it there are many things for us, but nothing we dare buy. Aunt Emily must shiver before we get her a shawl, and the legs of our wives turn cobalt before we so much as think of silken hose. Books, on the other hand, are a happy solution, but Utility Lighters, which last year we distributed as largesse, cannot this year be repeated—since so many of them refused to light and those which did

quickly demanded of their owners new thumbs.

On the whole, therefore, I wish the majority of people were as wise as two friends of mine, who, years ago, gave to one another a really lovely gift, and every subsequent Christmas sent back the present each had originally received. Consequently, every other Christmas each came into possession of a lovely bit of Sèvres china, and during the intervening year a charming Corot. The season provided no difficulty for them, and the china or the picture returned alternate Christmaslike like the reappearance of a beloved friend.

As for Christmas-cards, I have yet to see mine keep within the limited number of my November intention. All the early ones I ever receive come invariably from people whom I have omitted from my list. The result is a Christmas Eve stamped to the nearest stationer's, to come away with only those which picture angels and the Stars of Bethlehem, since all else has gone. Even to accept a Christmas invitation is to-day a problem. For how can one's conscience eat other people's rations without at least contributing a goose? But—where can you get a goose? Maybe, therefore, the more there are of Christmases the more effulgent appear life's Easters. Nobody to-day, even in the midst of their wildest anticipation, could look for an unexpected egg.

Mothers and Children



Jonathan and Peter Harvey



The Hon. Mrs. John Harvey
The wife of Major John Leslie Harvey, Scots Guards, is Lord and Lady Wigram's only daughter. Her two sons, Jonathan and Peter, are seen on the left. Lord Wigram has been Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King since 1936, and is also Keeper of the King's Archives and Extra Equerry

Photographs by
Bassano



Lady Priscilla Aird and Her Children

Lady Priscilla Aird is the Earl and Countess of Ancaster's younger daughter, and her marriage to Col. Sir John Renton Aird, Bt., M.V.O., M.C., took place in 1939. They have two children, John and Susan. Lady Priscilla works for the W.V.S. in Berkshire, and is acting President of the Y.W.C.A., Southern Division



The Hon. Mrs. John Bingham and Nicholas

The wife of the Earl of Lucan's younger son, Major the Hon. John Bingham, was before her marriage, Miss Dorothea Chatfield, and is the daughter of the Rev. John Kyrle Chatfield and the late Mrs. Chatfield. She was married in 1942, and has a small son, Nicholas, seen in this picture

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 329)

Out and About

MRS. ROGER ST. JOHN was in London the other day, looking very pretty, and very pleased with the news that her brother, Capt. Tom Vickers, who was a prisoner of war in Italy, had arrived safely in Switzerland, where he was being well looked after by friends of the family. The former Miss Rosemary Vickers married Major St. John in November at the Savoy Chapel, and an unusual feature of the service was the small godchild attendant, who came up the aisle singing the recessional. Another charming idea at this wedding was the use of fresh rose petals for the send-off; these, in all shades had come up from the bride's home.

Diplomat's Party

BEFORE her departure to America where she is going on a lecture tour, Miss Natalia Aszkenazy, formerly attaché to the Polish Embassy in the U.S.S.R., and the only woman holding diplomatic rank at the Polish Foreign Office, received some of her friends at the Dorchester, including the Polish Prime Minister, the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs, the acting Polish Minister of Information, the Countess of Abingdon, Doris Lady Orr Lewis, Mr. Angus Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. Hamish Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Gates, Mrs. A. F. Daubeney—whose nephew, Mr. Peter Daubeney, has just returned to this country, invalided out of the Army with a missing arm—Mr. Arthur Koestler, the novelist, who worthily represents the eager citizens of the world traditionally centred in and around Bloomsbury; Col. B. B. McMahon, of the U.S. Army, Lt. Ben Kitteridge, and many more.



M. Ellsmoor

Coming of Age

Miss Ruth Frances Walkey, fifth daughter of the Rev. J. R. Walkey, K.H.C., C.B.E., M.A., late Chaplain-in-Chief of the R.A.F., was twenty-one on December 12th

Christmas-tree for Dr. Barnardo's

A LOVELY Christmas-tree is standing in the lounge of the May Fair Hotel. It is to be decorated entirely by the gifts of passers-by, for the children of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and any toy, however small, will be really welcomed. Miss Sally Gray and Miss Valerie Hobson have promised surprises, and Mrs. John Steel has contributed two dozen Teddy bears, which she has made herself. When you are buying toys for your own children, remember those who have no parents, and if you can spare a toy, take it to the May Fair.



A Lunch Hour Committee Meeting

The Dowager Marchioness of Townshend (seated on the sofa with her grandson, Christopher White), founder and chairman of the Officers' Sunday Club, was planning their Christmas party with members of her committee: Miss Sylvia Schueppe, Mrs. Saville Steven, Miss Sally Denis, S/O. Jean Boyle, Miss Elizabeth Norman and Miss Lorna Carew

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

previous Pussy (inadvertently shot), and her reigning kitten, Winston, are at least a joy to the reader, if not to her gentle hosts. To the Warings also are added, as the story proceeds, a war-wrecked niece, Leslie (not always an easy visitor), and, through the offices of the egregious Capt. Hooper, paying guests in the form of an officer and his wife. This couple, Noel and Lydia Merton, you will be glad to discover that you have met before. Solina, the Warings' widowed parlourmaid, with her captivating charms and constant kind-hearted tears, is, however, quite new.

But, mainly, *Growing Up* should address itself to unnumbered thousands of us who are lovers of railway stations. Spiritually, Winter Overcotes Station, with its intriguing two levels, remains the hub of the plot. Round it, Mrs. Thirkell has skillfully concentrated her acute sense of much that England is undergoing. The tense, almost religious, professional pride of Mr. Beedle, the stationmaster, is tested. Bright lights, seductive bookstall, steamily cosy refreshment-rooms, blazing waiting-room hearths—all are dimmed, most are bare, some are gone. Spit and polish had gained the station the railway's silver cup; now one sees littered platforms, gaping-empty slot-machines, tarnished brass. Outraging is the disappearance of first-class carriages. Not only porters, drivers and firemen, but well-beloved engines are at the Front. And two deep wartime thorns in poor Mr. Beedle's flesh are the she-porters, Doris and Lily-Annie. These two

—though they looked incredibly plain and depraved in oyster satin blouses, tight-seated, bell-bottomed trousers, red nails on dirty hands, greasy curls hanging on their shoulders, a cigarette for ever glued to their lips, were really very nice girls.

Doris and Lily-Annie display a buoyancy that their contemporaries, in this honest novel, lack. Something melancholic, a threat of change, pervades the woods of Beliers Priory; the rector-elect qualifies by having lost an arm in the war; neither Leslie nor Lydia dare let their hopes of personal happiness run high. Yes, *Growing Up* might be called a study of people feeling the weather—though not, in any sense, under it.

Diaries

IN *English Diaries and Journals* ("Britain in Pictures" Series, Collins; 14s. 6d.), Kate O'Brien has written a brilliant essay on the Diary, as a practice and as a product, besides assembling a number of diarists. This book could have been no more than instructive and categorical; we have, as it is, been given some acute observations on humanity, as shown, perhaps inadvertently, by the diary's page.

Miss O'Brien's opening, if only by its provocativeness, would be enough to tempt one to read on:

Let me begin [she says] with the hard saying that the best English diaries have been written by bores. It will be the purpose of ensuing pages so to illustrate, explain and modify this statement as, I hope, to remove its sting; but for clarity's sake I must start from it as set down above, for I believe it to be a basic truth about the greatest diarists. A bore has been excellently defined as "a person who mentions everything." "*L'art d'ennuyer c'est de tout dire*," and face to face with us, across the fireplace or the dining-table, the exponent of this art is very nearly intolerable; but at the remove which lies between a writer and a reader, when the "everything," printed, not spoken, is in our power, to be taken or left as we feel inclined, and when distance, time, have given it patina and perspective, he who in life might have been our plague becomes our entertainer, and sometimes more than that—a light, a lamp, a gentle, accidental resurrector for a while of what might have been cold and dead.

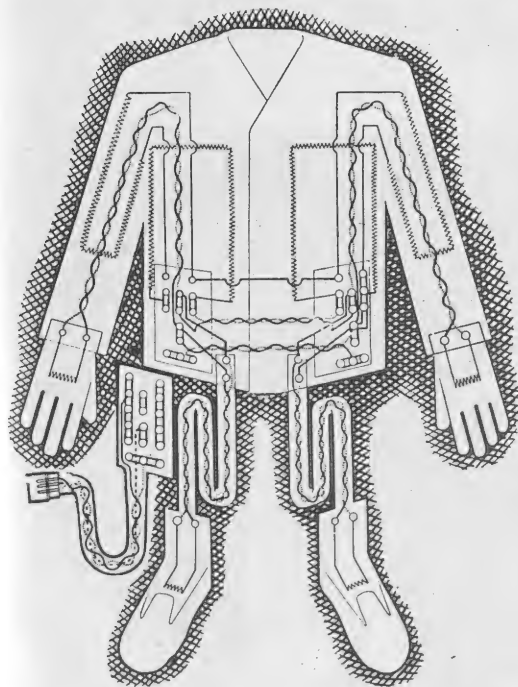
A good diary, as Miss O'Brien makes clear, is not necessarily literature. What is essential to the work of art is not essential to diary-keeping, and might even, in fact, prove fatal to it. Exclusiveness, selectiveness and intensive vision are not needed here. The diary-keeper must love, must almost adore, minutiae, without any wish to build these into a plan. Oddly enough—or is it so very odd?—it is the limited, mild, monotonous life that has been most often recorded in this manner. Country clergymen—from Parson Woodforde to Kilvert—have shown themselves diligent diarists. So have either "sheltered," frustrated or obscure women. . . . It would appear that, in some cases, the diary shows the inverse of its writer's social nature; that it may embody protest or unadmitted longing; that it may be a compensation (as with Fanny Burney) for gifts not elsewhere used to their full; that it may express acquiescence to life's being nothing more than it is, or that it may be an involuntary self-exposure.

In the main, you will find Miss O'Brien's views refreshingly revolutionary—I did agree with most of them. Pepps, Evelyn, the Woodfordes, Wesley, Gibbon, William Windham, Fanny Burney, Dorothy Wordsworth, Haydon, Kilvert, Queen Victoria, Crabb Robinson, Capt. Scott, Barbellion and Katherine Mansfield are among those quoted from and discussed.

Flying Fortresses

"QUEENS DIE PROUDLY," by W. L. White (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), disappointed me—after *They Were Expendable*. In this case, Mr. White's method has not worked so well. Though the story itself could not be more heroic—it deals with the rearguard action fought by young U.S.A. airmen from the Philippines to Java, from Java to Australia, in 1941-42—the telling lacks restraint; there are lapses into what appears, in this context, an unbearable sentimentality.

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An afternoon dress in fine wool will see her through all week-end engagements in the afternoon or evening. Black was this girl's choice, but the dress is also available at Swan and Edgar's in several attractive colours

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Stories from Everywhere

THE senior warden and his assistant were on night patrol. To their great indignation they came upon a light beaming from an uncurtained window. Inside a very charming young woman was undressing. "Struth!" exclaimed the assistant. "This will never do." "It certainly will not," agreed his senior. "She must be told about it tomorrow!"

ONE night at a theatre a man who had dined rather too well stood up in his seat right in the middle of the play and cried:—
"Is there a doctor in the house?"
The actors faltered slightly, but the play went bravely on. A moment later, the same man, still standing, repeated his question. At this second call another man arose and said:—
"Yes, I'm a doctor," whereupon the other man nearly finished off the performance for the evening by asking in a tone of great bonhomie:
"How do you like the show, Doc?"



Vivienne

Jane Baxter is making her first return to comedy (since she appeared in "George and Margaret") at the Globe Theatre on December 24. She will be seen as the W.A.A.F. corporal daughter of an impecunious duke (to be played by Ronald Squire) in "While the Sun Shines," a new play by Terence Rattigan about wartime conditions in London

also changed my name to O'Brien."

Thereupon, the old sign was taken down and a resplendent new one, reading "O'Brien and O'Brien," was put up in its place.

A few moments later the telephone rang and a voice demanded to be connected with Mr. O'Brien.

"Very good, sir," said the cheery-voiced operator, "but which Mr. O'Brien do you want, Feitelbaum or Garfinkel?"

THE head of the house was confined to bed with influenza, and his wife was busy sterilising the dishes he had been using.

"Why do you do that, mummy?" asked four-year-old John.

"Because, dear," replied his mother, "daddy has germs, and the germs go on the dishes he uses. I boil the dishes and that kills the germs."

John thought for a moment or two and then said:—

"Mummy, why not boil daddy and get rid of all the germs at once?"

AMERICAN aeroplane plants are turning out bomber and fighter planes with dizzying speed. Last week, it is reported, they built a plane in eight hours flat. Five minutes later a pilot took off in it. Six hours later the plant received a cable from him. It read: "I am in Australia. Please send engine."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

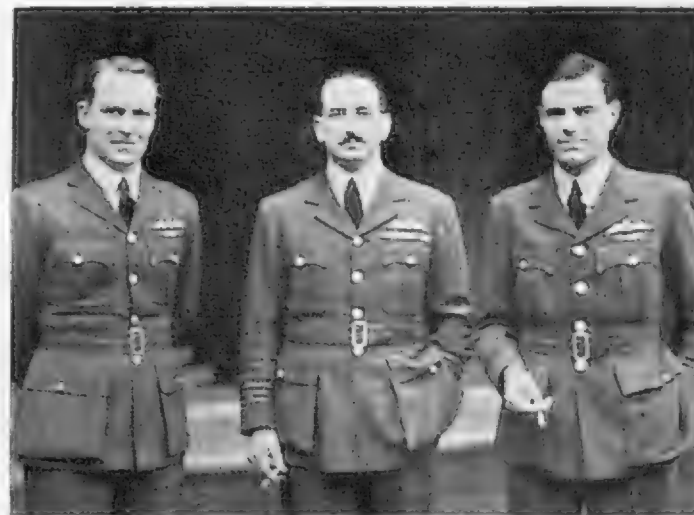
Homogeneity

IN the official communiques which reported the series of raids on Berlin and other German targets during November there appeared one new fact. It was that some of the Berlin raids were made by all Lancaster forces and some of the other raids by all Halifax forces. There is known to be an advantage using all the same type of machine for an attacking force. They then move about the same rate through the air and are likely to hold together better and in a more closely concerted manner. The need for homogeneity, however, in air formation is greater with fighters than with bombers. Mixtures of different kinds of fighters, unless they are carefully sorted out in accordance with their special characteristics, are apt to be unwieldy and to be readily broken up by enemy action. When different kinds of fighters have to be used the right policy, that adopted by Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain. At that time our fighters were split up into two groups which, generally speaking, worked at different levels, the Spitfires high up, the Hurricanes lower. In this way each type of machine was working in the regions of air best suited to it, and there was never a risk of trouble occurring through different performance characteristics.

I am not certain of the exact advantages that are gained by night bombing through having all machines of the same type, but I should imagine that this would affect chiefly those who have to cope with traffic control problems at the air bases. There would also be an advantage, presumably, for those who plan the timing of the operation. They have fewer differences in speed to sort out, and they can work more readily on the load problems. Altogether I shall expect to see the policy of homogeneity pursued still further in the future both in fighters and bombers.

D.P.R.

WHEN it was announced that Lord Stansgate had been appointed to be Vice-President of the Economic and Administrative Section of the Control Commission for Italy there was speculation about who would be likely to take his place.



Three Heroes of the R.A.F.

W/Cdr. William Ollason, W/Cdr. Alfred Smythe and W/Cdr. Dennis Spotswood were all decorated with the D.S.O. at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace. They received their awards from the Duke of Gloucester, who deputised for the King as His Majesty was confined to his rooms with an attack of influenza.

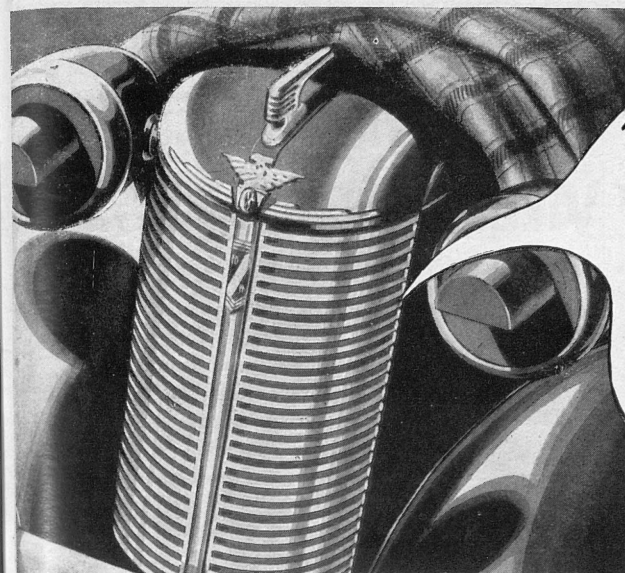
concerned with news. It would, therefore, need at its head a man who could cope with the news getting and giving side in a manner suiting the Service. He must strike the right note and not be too flippant or too solemn; he must be a great stickler for absolute accuracy and must never permit a story to go out which has been in any way pulled about in order to make a story.

Many men could be obtained who could fulfil this task, but there is another requirement and that is that the individual should have considerable Service experience, including preferably flying experience, and experience of fighting in the air. My own choice at the present time would undoubtedly rest on Lord Willoughby de Broke, who has been Lord Stansgate's assistant, who knows the directorate well and who also has the other necessary qualifications of Service experience and knowledge of flying. I do hope that Lord Willoughby de Broke will be appointed, but in view of past experience one must feel a little anxious about what the Air Ministry will do.

Record

THE Atlantic record that was made on November 29 was the kind of thing that would have created a great deal of attention in peace time. A speed of about 270 miles an hour all the way from Montreal to the British Isles terminal is a really good achievement, but I think it is time that we should take into account the wind factor. It is customary for long-distance point to point records to be quoted in ground speed with no reference to wind speed and the consequence is that a large element of meteorological luck enters into the figures. This might not have mattered in days gone by, but now it may begin to do so. We are inclined to forget, for instance, that the world speed record that the late George Stainforth set up was made under regulations which completely eliminated the effects of wind. In order to get a speed figure Stainforth had to make runs in opposite directions over the three kilometres course, and the rules prescribed a limiting height so that diving could not greatly affect the issue. Soon, however, we may see speeds on long courses between different parts of the world rising above international records. This will appear somewhat ludicrous on the face of it, but it will arise through talking in two different terms, one of air speed and the other of ground speeds. I think we shall have to use the term air speed for future references to records.

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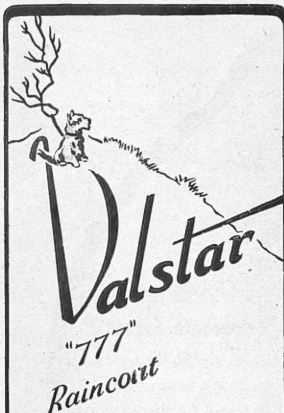
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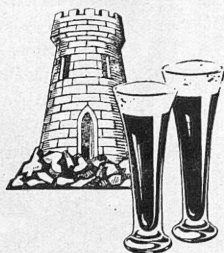
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S	.	2	9	16	23	30	S	.	6	13	20	27	S	.	5	12	19	26	S	.	2	9	16	23	30	S	.	7	14	21	28	S	.	4	11	18	25				
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